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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1910.

A Straw that Probably Shows.

Perhaps we might rationally have expected Missouri to show us. Any way, Missouri has shown us, and in a way that may be a great deal more than moderately significant, too.

A successor to Mr. De Armond was elected in the Sixth Congressional district of Missouri the other day. He is a Democrat—which is not surprising; and he was elected by a majority just about twice the size of the one usually given his distinguished predecessor—which is surprising.

A great Republican effort was made to defeat this Democratic successor to De Armond; or, at least, to cut down his majority very substantially. Spellbinders galore were sent swarming into the Sixth Missouri, with the approval of the President, indeed. Even Secretary Nagel took a hand in the scrimmage.

What happened has already been set forth. Every plea in behalf of the Republicans was rejected emphatically. The Democratic candidate came forth a victor far beyond his most extravagant dreams. No such piling up of ballots adverse to the G. O. P. ever before was known in that neck of the woods. It was all but unanimous!

This is a straw of which the Republicans may well make timely note, we think. It may mean nothing in particular, but it probably means a great deal. It suggests a Democratic House of Representatives in the next Congress; and the suggestion is a phantom of nobody's pipe dream, moreover.

Of course, there are Republicans who say they will not care a hoot if the next House is Democratic; that, perhaps, as a matter of cold, calculated fact, the G. O. P.'s salvation in 1912 calls for a Democratic House in 1911. There may be something in that, but it is another story. It still remains true that the prospect of a Democratic House next year grows daily brighter and brighter, or darker and darker, as you choose, and that such a contingency may as well be faced seriously now for whatever there is in it.

Marrying on \$2,000 a Year.

Rev. Wright Gibson, of McKees Rocks, near Pittsburgh, will not marry any couple where the prospective husband has an income of less than \$2,000 a year. Mr. Gibson thus defines his position: "Poverty leads to divorce, and I do not propose to assist the divorce cause."

Mr. Gibson is the pastor of the Presbyterian church in a town where the great majority of inhabitants are steel mill employees. Judging from his attitude, his congregation must be a small one. But irrespective of this, his announcement gives rise to a question which could be debated indefinitely, and yet not be settled.

With the principle involved there is no quarrel. Marriage without a marriageable income is a serious matter, but no marriage at all is still more serious. Social conditions, habits of life, and other factors enter into the question until the actual income, measured in dollars, becomes of secondary importance. Would the Rev. Mr. Gibson bar nine-tenths of the population of the country from matrimony, and would celibacy lead to extermination of the race, or would it lead to an indiscriminate relation that would mean the end of the family?

In a classification made a few years ago by a commercial agency, three classes were defined, as the rich, middle class, and the poor. The first embraced the family with an income over \$2,000; the second those with incomes from \$750 to \$2,000, and the third those with incomes of less than \$750. Now, according to the Rev. Mr. Gibson, only the rich could wed.

Should the attempt be made to fix such a standard in Washington, the government clerks, with the exception of the chiefs of departments, the firemen, the policemen, all the labor union members, the employes of the stores, except heads of departments, and 99 per cent of the negroes would be barred from marriage.

"The establishing of an empirical minimum by a pastor does no credit to the church at large. Cost of living or any other factor is of minor consequence in relation to the larger sphere of world betterment and human progress. The brainiest and most useful members of society to-day are not the children of parents whose incomes measure up to the standard of the McKees Rocks minister. There are other elements to be considered. Morality depends on freedom, not on restriction. Marriage is a necessary institution among all classes, and ministers of the gospel should be the first to recognize and admit it."

"Over in Alabama," says the Rome (Ga.) Tribune-Herald, "they speak of the conservative wing and the radical wing

of the prohibition wing of the Democratic party." The man who cannot get himself supplied with political wings of one kind or another in Alabama nowadays surely must be a slow citizen.

Coo, Bossie, Good Bossie.

"She's a good old girl," reflectively vouchsafed Senator Stephenson, in referring to Gertrude Wayne, the other day. The Wisconsin millionaire lawmaker had just received a letter from home, and this was his comment on one phase of it.

No; this is not about any of his relatives of the feminine persuasion, nor about the family servant who has not asked for a raise in twenty years. The Senator was speaking of a Holstein cow that is the pride of Kenosha. Gertrude, for she will not object to the abbreviated form, has just done an ordinary week's work, the results of which are as follows:

Six hundred and thirteen pounds of milk, or twenty-six pounds of butter, or \$11.18.

Gertrude on one day gave ninety-six pounds of milk, which was transformed into 49 pounds of butter, and which sold for \$2.11. But this was her red-letter day, and she did not agree to keep up the gait.

Experts from the University of Wisconsin agricultural experiment station have verified all these figures, so they can be considered official.

Senator Stephenson does not care who controls the price of porthouse steaks as long as he has the assistance of Gertrude. He is seriously considering challenging Mooly, the White House bovine of which we have heard such wonderful tales.

All of which leads to conclusions relative to the cost of living. If all the cows were as faithful as Gertrude, and all the hens as attentive to their duty, we could have butter and eggs enough to supply the world. Moreover, it is hinted that Gertrude has presented several handsome calves to the good of the cause, and that they are excellent butter makers, and produce juicy cuts of porthouse and tenderloin. May Gertrude's tire increase like the sands of the sea.

A Bull in a China Shop.

The Central Park Zoo affords interest to the average sightseer at all times. But when an English bulldog afflicted with an overdose of cussedness goes on a rampage among the animals, there is an amount of excitement that it would be difficult to surpass. The other day an unworthy canine leaped the fence of the inclosure where are kept the buffalo, elk, and deer. What followed can be surmised.

With the whole arena in a highly nervous state, the bulldog directed his attentions first to a lady buffalo, the handsomest one in the paddock. She took exception to his sniffing at her right forelegs and drew back for a gentle kick, the dog retreating and advancing in bounds, keeping away from the hoof, only to find Black Diamond, the lady's husband, approaching on his flank; whereupon the fight was on. The bulldog beat a retreat, after having turned several somersaults, but by this time the entire buffalo tribe was located.

While the bison were in a stampee, the dog turned his attention to the elks. Buck elk, according to the zoologists, are more particular about their women folk than buffalo. The instant the intruder attempted to approach a beautiful doe a large buck perched him on his horns and tossed him out of the inclosure.

But our English bulldog friend was not vanquished. Choosing the deer as his next victim, he succeeded in biting two before getting the entire outfit into a nimble frenzy. About this time Mr. Bulldog reached his Waterloo, for the commotion had attracted several of the keepers, who awaited their chance and plugged him full of lead. The dog died game. One shot in the shoulder did not suffice, but when a bullet passed through his head he gave up the ghost. Such excitement the Central Park Zoo had not seen since the famous tenor pal's spectacular visit to the monkey house.

Now that Mr. Bryan has denied his reported candidacy for another Democratic Presidential nomination, somebody will again trot out his reported candidacy for a Senatorial seat, of course.

Orators given to delivering "meaty" speeches will soon be demanding higher rates on the Chautauqua circuits, presumably.

"If Uncle Andy" would skip a few free libraries and set up a few free bakeries, he would make a hit with some people we know of.

"If Truth should happen to walk into the Capitol in Washington, the Congressmen would think it was a visitor from Mars," says the Charleston Post. And what do you suppose Truth would think?

John L. Sullivan is to wed a Boston widow. Evidently, John L. has finally given up all idea of regaining the fighting championship.

"Woman is responsible for divorce," says a Brooklyn minister. Oh, yes; the "other woman," frequently enough.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that ham carries its age better than eggs, nevertheless.

Mrs. Brokaw has been awarded \$15,000 per year alimony; and it is to be hoped it is sufficient to guarantee her keeping quiet and out of sight for a few years, at least.

"Maxim to Still Cannon," reads a headline in the New York American. Not "Uncle Joe," however, but a real cannon—that shoots, you know.

"Meatless chop suey?" Pshaw! Who cares? And who can tell the difference, anyway?

If that "Back to the farm" advice did not come so persistently from private cars and automobiles, probably it would be much more impressive.

does it?" inquires the Cleveland Leader. No, indeed. But when it does work, it is worth while, is it not?

We are getting decidedly suspicious of this new comet. First it appeared to have one tail, then two, and now three seems about right. Maybe it is an octopus, and not a comet, after all.

Packers have put the price of pork chops up 1 cent per pound. But the meat boycotters probably will refuse to believe it.

A contemporary insists that the United States "ought to do something for Commander Peary." But, with the magazines, the publishing houses, and the lecture platform, Commander Peary seems to be doing very well for himself.

Perhaps Mississippi just naturally cannot make up its mind to have John Sharp Williams and James K. Vandaman in the United States Senate at one and the same time.

The Montgomery Advertiser and the Charleston News and Courier agree that "the Democratic outlook is bright." The problem is to keep it that way until something worth while happens.

It seems quite likely the Democrats will win the next House of Representatives. Whether because of themselves or in spite of themselves is difficult to forecast—probably a little of both.

The Chicago Record-Herald notes the organization out West of a "Back from Elba Club." Why not call it a Big Stick?

A New York woman who died recently was found to have willed her fortune to her husband and three dogs, share and share alike. It may safely be assumed, we imagine, that the husband got more than he expected, seven at that.

If those haughty people responsible for the high cost of living have tears to shed, they must prepare to shed them now. That militant and aggressive friend of the masses, the Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, is on their trail armed and equipped with a particularly sharp stick!

Prof. Jack Johnson is reported to have "laughed loud and long" when a constable recently handed him a court summons. Prof. Johnson seems apt at aping plutocratic mannerisms, anyway.

Gov. Hadley says: "The high cost of living problem will never be solved until every married couple keeps a cow." How can they, when so many landlords object strenuously even to children.

Mr. Taft's declaration that "nobody ever drops in on the White House" seems a little rough on Senator Hatley, Senator Tillman, and former Senator Foraker, three notables recently reported in that vicinity.

Baltimore is the scene of a violent ice cream war. This is all right, as far as it goes, of course; but a coal or stove-wood war would be more helpful, perhaps.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Mr. Pinchot's Walk.

From the New York Mail. "Gifted Pinchot walks slowly," says the Das Moines Capital. Probably has a lumbering gait.

Senatorial Oratory.

From the Springfield Republican. What is particularly missed this winter is oratory in the United States Senate. It seems like a tank.

Dr. Cook's Disappearance.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Our own contention is that Dr. Cook three days out of the air, clumb it, and pulled the rope up after him.

Mr. Hobson's Regret.

From the New York Evening Post. Mr. Hobson observes with regret that he has availed all chances of war with Germany, even if it was only a tariff war.

Aquies Republican Party.

From the Indianapolis Star. Speaker Cannon's verdict as to the cause of the high cost of living is that Dr. Cook three days out of the air, clumb it, and pulled the rope up after him.

Senator Frazier Growing.

From the Chattanooga Times. Senator Frazier on the Senate Military Committee shows that Senator Frazier has been growing in influence and stateable stature during these five years he has represented Tennessee at Washington.

Indiana's Presidential Timber.

From the Savannah News. This Indiana Beverage must be a very satisfying draft. They are sending him back to the Senate unopposed. There are some people who believe Beverage is good Presidential timber. Among them is the Senator himself.

Rear Admiral Peary.

From the Springfield Republican. It isn't necessary for Congress to pass a law authorizing the President to appoint Mr. Peary a rear admiral. If we all begin at once to call him "Admiral Peary," the honor of the title is conferred, and without making the government pay him a rear admiral's salary the rest of his life.

Vandaman Blames Trusts.

From the New York Tribune. Ex-Gov. James K. Vandaman charges that "the trusts" are "conspiring" to prevent his election as United States Senator from Mississippi. Most people will think that the trusts have troubles enough of their own nowadays to keep them from hunting for new sources of venation in Mississippi politics.

Or Anything Else.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. "Well, asked the agent, 'how do you like this flat?'" "I must say," replied the lady who was examining it, "that there's little room for improvement."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

UNMASKED. The crafty country editor. "Put up a plaintive bleat. Yet taken eggs and butter for Subscriptions to his sheet."

He claims to have but little luck. Convinces us of that. Yet fairly rolls in garden truck. "The darned aristocrat!"

He Explains. "I haven't seen you for some years. What business are you in?" "In on the stage, doing a musical turn."

"You had a poor ear for music when a boy." "And have yet. I can only play 'Annie Laurie,' and I can't play that very well."

"How do you get by with it?" "It's very simple. I play it on a stove-pipe, on clam shells, on coffee pots, and on a cigar box fiddle. The result is a primo vaudeville act."

That's Different. "If we discover the south pole, I propose to share the credit. There will be six of us enough for all."

"How about the royalties?" "Well, I'll see. I don't know if there will be story enough for all."

Abundant. I like to sing about the snow; The theme I love. It is the only thing I know There's plenty of.

She Was Interested. "Doctor, you seem preoccupied." "Yes; I have just discovered a new disease."

"How nice! And will it be very expensive to have?" "I mean Man. "Then you won't do it?"

"I will not," responded Mr. Nagus. "What's the use of my going without eggs for a week just to get you a diamond stomacher?"

The Whip Hand. "She evidently copies your patterns." "Quite so."

"I don't think I would care to have such a fashionable coat as that." "It has its advantages," declared Mrs. Housekeeper. "In what way?"

"Every time she starts to leave I simply refuse to button her gown."

CAN WE TRUST THE HEN?

Suspicious as to Her Honesty Are Beginning to Take Form.

From the Baltimore Sun. For many years we have been the sincerest friend of the American hen. Though others might grow suspicious and demand their eggs poached, we have consented to take them scrambled and eat them in trusting confidence. In our admiration and friendship for the hen we yielded only to Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who is the official guardian of the female chicken, and the sponsor of her offspring.

But recent events have given rise to our doubts. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the official tester of the government, after a secret investigation by the Secret Service, declares that the hen is in league with the food trust in an effort to get more money for less food. While the consumers in their innocence blindly trusted her, she has been gradually but surely reducing the size of eggs until soon they will be too small to be observed by the naked eye. As eggs are sold by the dozen, she is getting more money for less egg than ever before in our history.

Whether she learned the trick from the quick-lunch restaurant, where one can be used in making 22 ham sandwiches, each containing a trace of ham, or was taught by the vendors who start out with two lemons and sell lemonade an entire season, he is unable to ascertain. But Dr. Wiley firmly believes there is a community of interest between the hen and the meat trust that amounts to a combination in restraint of eggs.

The charges made by Dr. Wiley are confirmed by the investigations made by a New Jersey grand jury. It found the nests and barn-straw around Jersey as eggless as Atlantic City ice cream. But in a vast warehouse eggs were discovered by the ton—acres of them, mountains of them, enough to make an omelet that would stretch from Hoboken to Long Branch. There they were 26,000,000 of them, piled up in one house; and that when eggs were almost as scarce as hens' teeth, and were worth 50 cents a dozen. This is indication of astounding duplicity.

"Eggs is eggs" is the motto of the hen and the dealer. But the suspicious are beginning to pick and choose. While storage eggs may be eaten with impunity by people who are almost human beings, Dr. Wiley says they begin to show signs of age in about eight months, and in a year their presence is annoying even to their best friends. He suggests that the date of its birth be marked on each egg as it is assigned to its room, and in this way misunderstandings can be avoided. If a man cries for a young and untrotted egg, he may call for one of date February 2, 1910. Or if he prefers the more experienced and mature animal, he may demand the vintage of 1908. But the important point is that he can know what he is getting and get what he pays for.

It is with reluctance and regret, and only from a deep sense of duty, that we are compelled to admit that the hen is not what she once was. She seems to have been tainted by the greed that comes with power, and we fear she may yet be exposed as a partner of the trusts and a malefactor of great wealth.

What Congress Ignored.

From the Kansas City Times. Up to 1907 the government was overpaying the railroads for hauling the mails about \$3,000,000 a year by the coarsest sort of stealing. In calculating the rate of pay the mails were weighed for seven days, and then the total was divided by six instead of by seven to get the daily average. Even when this fraud was pointed out by Representative Murdock, the House, taking its cue from its leaders refused to correct the error; and there was a deficit in the Post-office Department. The grab was stopped by executive order of the Postmaster General. The record of the House in this case is one reason why the public is somewhat suspicious of Congressional activity in the effort now being made to make the magazines—most of them hostile to Cameron—pay the entire amount of the postal deficit.

A Stern Boycotter.

From the New York Sun. Knicker—You look well fed. "Bucker—Yes, I'm eating extra meat just now so as to hit 'em harder when I swear off."

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The Third Degree.

The methods adopted by the detectives and police of some cities, commonly known as the "third degree," which compel the utterance of material evidence under nerve-racking strain, possess much that is inhuman—even barbaric, and it is well to see that the highest court of the State of Washington has recently placed the third degree on the shelf in setting aside a conviction in a felony case where it was proved that a material witness under threats of a prosecuting officer testified as that officer suggested. This tribunal held that it were better by far that criminals should escape punishment than that the courts should condone such proceedings as were the backbone of the third degree.

Under the Ocean.

Whether or not the light of day penetrates the obscure depths of the sea has not been settled by scientists, and the fact that some animals found at a depth exceeding 700 fathoms have no eyes or a very faint indication of them, while others possess very large and protruding eyes, helps to make the dispute all the more sharp. Another strange thing about the lower depths of the ocean is that when its inhabitants possess any color at all that color is usually orange, or red, or reddish orange—for example, sea anemones, corals, shrimps, and crabs. The surface of submarine mountains is strewn with shells, like the virgin seashore, showing that it is the feasting place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals. When a codfish eats he takes an oyster in his paws, cracks the shell, digests the meat, and ejects the shell. Crabs crack the shells of their smaller neighbors and suck out the meat. This accounts for the mounds of shells which are found beneath the waves. All fish bones discovered there invariably crumble at the slightest touch, so completely have they been honeycombed by the boring shellfish, and further illustrating the constant destruction going on in the ocean's depth, it is said that if a ship sinks at sea with all on board it will be eaten by the fish, with the exception of its metal portions, and not a human bone of its crew will remain longer than a few days.

Norwegian Servants.

The laws of Norway regulating the relations between servant and family would have a particularly fitting application here in Washington, where the servant question is one of the bugbears of all housekeepers. For instance, under the law of Norway, it is almost unknown for a dissatisfied or disgruntled servant to leave her position without permission. The reason for this lies in the fact that in cases where she does make this move the servant is liable to arrest, imprisonment, and fine. Naturally, therefore, such cases are rare. But, on the other hand, the servant has the protection of the law from unjust treatment at the hands of her employer, for it is not allowed for a family to discharge an unsatisfactory servant without official intervention and the approval of a magistrate. The wages paid domestic in Norway are warranted to make an American housewife smile, also. Good cooks are paid from \$1 to \$1 per month, while housemaids and kitchen maids receive even less than this.

Dr. Cook's Books.

The officials of the Boston Public Library have decided to place Dr. Frederick A. Cook's three volumes in the "reticent narrative" list. The library takes this polite method of declaring the explorer a faker. Dr. Cook's works, however, will have the distinction of forming one-nait that exclusive division of the library, for up to the present only three other volumes have been so characterized. "Through Unexplored Asia," by W. J. Reid; "The Adventures of Louis de Rougemont," by himself, and "A Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa," by George Fossilman, are the present members of the Boston library's in-laid club. The library officials make a distinction between books containing fictitious information which have been published as bona fide works for harmless impostors which are frauds on the public. For this reason such books as "The Arabian Nights," "Baron Munchausen," and others are officially ignored. The line is also finely drawn, the library refusing to brand as false the handwork of the native writers who aroused the indignation of Theodore Roosevelt.

Good Advice.

From the Kansas City Journal. Officers—Were you late in barracks last night, sir? Private—Train from the South was very late, sir. Officer—Very good. Next time the train's late, take care you come by an earlier one.

Marriage in Houston.

From the Boston Post. "What is their main reason for wanting a divorce." "Because they are married."

A Poet's Life by Space.

From Puck. When he is born, local; when he publishes his first volume, six lines review; when he is married, paragraph; when he puts out his second book, twelve lines review; when he is divorced, red headlines; when he dies, editorial.

Gas as an Illuminant—February 6.

F. A. Winsor, an Englishman, is generally recognized as "the father of modern gas lighting." While not the first man to realize the importance of illuminating gas, yet through his energy he was able to establish such lighting in England, and its development followed rapidly.

By general consent the merit of the discovery and application of artificial gas belongs to Robert Murdock, a Scotchman. Previous, however, to Murdock's time there occurred numerous suggestive observations and experiments as to inflammable air and its sources.

Winsor was in Paris in 1801, and while there became acquainted with M. Lebon. The latter had introduced gas distilled from wood into his home. Winsor became deeply interested, and upon his return to England he took up the subject with zeal and an unwearied patience which led to a recognition of the advantages of the system, and the breaking down of the powerful prejudice which existed in England against the innovation.

He worked on the subject for two years, and finally the first plant was installed in the Lyceum Theater in London in 1802, and on February 6 that building was illuminated with gas, the first that was used for that purpose in the world.

It was not until 1810, however, that he succeeded in forming a public company for manufacturing gas. In 1816 gas was common as an illuminant in London. As a street illuminant gas was first introduced in St. Margaret's parish in London. Paris was lighted in 1829, and thereafter gas was gradually introduced in all the large cities of the Continent.

In the United States the use of illuminating gas was agitated as early as 1812; but it was first successfully introduced in Baltimore in 1821, in Boston in 1822, in New York gradually between 1823 and 1827, and in Philadelphia about the same time. This is as to general illumination, but a number of years previous to this time gas was used in various buildings. The first gas lights ever seen in America were exhibited by Ambrose & Co., manufacturers of fireworks, in Philadelphia, who advertised that, in addition to the ordinary fireworks of combustible material, they would "show a grand firework by means of light combusted of inflammable air."

The use of a natural gas in China and Persia is said to date back to a very remote period. In the United States Gen. Washington is said to have visited a burning spring on the Great Kanawha River, near the present site of Charleston, W. Va., but the first recorded use of natural gas in this country was in 1824 at Fredonia, New York State, where it was piped from a well for illuminating purposes. In 1841 it was used in the Great Kanawha Valley for heating salt furnaces, but its extensive use did not begin until 1872, at Fairview, Pa. In 1875 it was first used for iron smelting at Etna Borough, near Pittsburgh, and in 1886 was carried to Pittsburgh from the Haymaker well, near Murraysville, nine-tenths miles distant. Since then its use has steadily increased.

On February 6 La Salle discovered the Mississippi River in 1682; Aaron Burr was born in 1756; Queen Anne was born in 1665; the Treaty of Alliance was made between the United States and France in 1778; William M. Everts, the lawyer and statesman, was born in 1813; the Confederate general, James E. B. Stuart, was born in 1833; Henry Irving, the celebrated English actor, was born in 1838, and France recognized the independence of the United States in 1778.

INDIANS AS SERVANTS.

The Squaw Is the Only Hired Girl Help on Tap in Carson City.

From the New York Sun. Carson City, the capital of Nevada, is probably the only city in the country where the hired girl is a squaw. To the Carson City housewife every Indian man is Jim and every Indian woman is Sally. Neither Jim nor Sally can ever be depended on to work regularly, but as other help is scarce and high-priced, the occasional services which they design to render are always welcome.

Whenever Sally wants to work she always opens the kitchen door without the formality of a knock and says "Majalyle (woman), you want work done?" Or, simply, "Me heap hogad," which means that she is hungry and wants to work for a meal.

An Eastern woman is apt to be frightened the first time this happens or the first time she looks and sees a buck's swarthy face pressed against the outside of the window, but she soon learns that Jim and Sally are quite tame.

Sometimes Sally comes shivering to the door in winter with a baby under her blanket. She is "heap cold" and wants to toast herself and the queer little morsel of humanity on her back at the kitchen fire. Sometimes Sally will bring an armful of baskets to sell at the door, and then the Eastern woman rejoices exceedingly, for she knows that she can pick up for a few cents baskets that she would have to pay dollars for in the stores.

The housewife likes to get a Pinte Sally to work for her if possible, for she is cheaper, more industrious, and more adaptable than the Shoshone or Washoe Sallies. The remnants of these three tribes have their homes up in the high hills above Carson, where no one else wants the land. They come down to the city every day, but they never stay there over night.

The Eastern woman in Carson never fails to look from her window at the sunset and watch them making their way along the trail, Indian file. In and out winds the long line across the face of the darkened mountain, always ascending, the last sunbeams flashing on their red blankets. Each Jim is invariably with his own Sally, the squaw always carrying the papoose, but the father sometimes shouldering a tired toddler. Up winds the long file to the brush tepees at timberline, where each tribe in its own place, separate from the other two, cooks its scanty food at its little camp fire and goes to sleep among the moaning pines.

VACATION AND SICK LEAVE.

Government Clerk Had Figured on Something, but Fate Interfered.

From the National Magazine. Government clerks in Washington are allowed so much time every year for vacation and so much for sick leave. The improved health of the capital city has eliminated the sick leave requirements, and of recent years clerks have been somewhat worried as to how they should continue to secure it in view of their robust health, a conversation overheard in one of the corridors throws light on the situation.

"You bet I was up against it last August."

"Thought you had a fine vacation—what was the matter?" "Vacation was all right—it was before I started. You see, I secured medical certificates from two different doctors—the first was an insurance doctor, who gave me a clean bill of health to obtain a policy. The other doctor was a friend of mine, and he gave me a certificate that would help out on my vacation for extended sick leave."

"Well, what of it? Lots of us do that. Does your conscience prick you now?" "Well, I shuffled the two certificates and sent the insurance doctor's certificate of good health to my chief, with a note asking for extended leave, the paper making me out desperately ill I sent to the insurance company."

"What on earth did you—I see you have not lost your position?" "Well, I lay awake all one night worrying. In the morning I had an inspiration—I told the chief the truth."

A Poet's Life by Space. When he is born, local; when he publishes his first volume, six lines review; when he is married, paragraph; when he puts out his second book, twelve lines review; when he is divorced, red headlines; when he dies, editorial.

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